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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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MY friend preſented me to the company, in what he thought the moſt obliging manner; but which, I confeſs, put me a little out of countenance. "Give me leave, gentlemen (ſaid he) to preſent to you "my old friend Mr. Fitz-Adam, the ingenious author "of the WORLD." The word author inſtantly excited the attention of the whole company, and drew all their eyes upon me: for people who are not apt to write themſelves, have a ſtrange curioſity to ſee a LIVE AUTHOR. The gentlemen received me in common, with thoſe geſtures that intimate welcome; and I on my part reſpectfully muttered ſome of thoſe nothings, which ſtand inſtead of the ſomething one ſhould ſay, and perhaps do full as well.

THE weather being hot, the gentlemen were refreſhing themſelves before dinner, with what they called a cool tankard; in which they ſucceſſively drank to me. When it came to my turn, I thought I could not decently decline drinking the gentlemen's healths, which

I did aggregately: but how was I ſurpriſed, when upon the firſt taſte I diſcovered that this cooling and refreſhing draught was compoſed of the ſtrongeſt mountain wine, lowered indeed with a very little lemon and water, but then heightened again, by a quantity of thoſe comfortable aromatics, nutmeg and ginger! Dinner, which had been called for more than once with ſome impatience, was at laſt brought up, upon the colonel's threatening perdition to the maſter and all the waiters of the houſe, if it was delayed two minutes longer. We ſat down without ceremony, and we were no ſooner ſat down, than everybody (except myſelf) drank everybody's health, which made a tumultuous kind of noiſe. I obſerved with ſurpriſe, that the common quantity of wine was put into glaſſes of an immenſe ſize and weight; but my ſurpriſe ceaſed when I ſaw the tremulous hands that took them, and for which I ſuppoſed they were intended as ballaſt. But even this precaution did not protect the noſe of doctor Carbuncle from a ſevere ſhock, in his attempt to hit his mouth. The colonel, who obſerved this accident, cried out pleaſantly, "Why, doc-
"tor, I find you are but a bad engineer. While you aim
"at your mouth you will never hit it, take my word
"for it. A floating battery, to hit the mark, muſt be
"pointed ſomething above, or below it. If you would
"hit your mouth, direct your four-pounder at your
"forehead, or your chin." The doctor good-humouredly thanked the colonel for the hint, and promiſed him to communicate it to his friends at Oxford, where, he owned, that he had ſeen many a good glaſs of port ſpilt for want of it. Sir Tunbelly almoſt ſmiled, ſir George laughed, and the whole company, ſome how or other, applauded this elegant piece of raillery. But alas, things ſoon took a leſs pleaſant turn; for an enormous buttock of boiled ſalt beef, which had ſucceeded the ſoupe, proved not to be ſufficiently corned for ſir Tunbelly, who had beſpoke it; and at the ſame time lord Feeble took

a diſlike to the claret, which he affirmed not to be the ſame which they had drank the day before; it had no *ſilkyneſs, went rough off of the tongue*, and his lordſhip ſhrewdly ſuſpected that it was mixed up with *Benecarlo or ſome of thoſe black wines*. This was a common cauſe, and excited univerſal attention. The whole company taſted it ſeriouſly, and every one found a different fault with it. The maſter of the houſe was immediately ſent for up, examined, and treated as a criminal. Sir Tunbelly reproached him with the freſhneſs of the beef, while at the ſame time all the others fell upon him for the badneſs of his wine, telling him that this was not fit uſage for ſuch good cuſtomers as they were, and in fine, threatening him with a migration of the club to ſome other houſe. The criminal laid the blame of the beef's not being corned enough upon his cook, whom he promiſed to turn away; and atteſted heaven and earth that the wine was the very ſame which they had all approved of the day before; and, as he had a ſoul to be ſaved, was true Chateau Margoux. "Chateau devil (ſaid the "colonel with warmth) it is your d——d rough *Chaos* "wine." Will Sitfaſt, who thought himſelf obliged to articulate upon this great occaſion, ſaid, he was not ſure that it was a mixed wine, but that indeed it drank *down*. "If that is all (interrupted the doctor) let us "e'en drink it *up* then. Or, if that won't do, ſince "we cannot have the true *Falernum*, let us take up for "once with the *vile Sabinum*. What ſay you, gentle-"men, to good honeſt port? which I am convinced "is a much wholeſomer ſtomach wine?" My friend, who in his heart loves port better than any other wine in the world, willingly ſeconded the doctor's motion, and ſpoke very favourably of your *Portingal* wines in general, if neat. Upon this ſome was immediately brought up, which I obſerved my friend and the doctor ſtuck to the whole evening. I could not help aſking the doctor if he really prefered port to light-

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er wines. To which he anſwered, " You know, Mr. " Fitz-Adam, that uſe is ſecond nature; and port is in " a manner mother's milk to me; for it is what my " ALMA MATER ſuckles all her numerous progeny " with." I ſilently aſſented to the doctor's account, which I was convinced was a true one, and then attended to the judicious animadverſions of the other gentlemen upon the claret, which were ſtill continued, though at the ſame time they continued to drink it. I hinted my ſurpriſe at this to ſir Tunbelly, who gravely anſwered me, and in a moving way, *Why, what can we do?* " Not " drink it (replied I) ſince it is not good." " But what " will you have us do? and how ſhall we paſs the eve- " ing? (rejoined the baronet) One cannot go home at " five o'clock." " That depends a great deal upon " uſe, ſaid I." " It may be ſo, to a certain degree " (ſaid the doctor) But give me leave to aſk you, Mr. " Fitz-Adam, you, who drink nothing but water, and " live much at home, how do you keep up your ſpirits?" " Why, doctor, ſaid I, as I never lowered my ſpirits by " ſtrong liquor, I do not want it to raiſe them." Here we were interrupted by the colonel's raiſing his voice and his indignation againſt the Burgundy and Champain, ſwearing that the former was ropy, and the latter upon the fret, and not without ſome ſuſpicion of cyder and ſugar-candy; notwithſtanding which, he drank in a bumper of it, confuſion to the town of Briſtol and the bottle act. It was a ſhame, he ſaid, that gentlemen could have no good Burgundies and Champaings, for the ſake of ſome increaſe of the revenue, the manufacture of glaſs bottles, and ſuch ſort of ſtuff. Sir George confirmed the ſame, adding that it was *ſcandalous*; and the whole company agreed, that the new parliament would certainly repeal ſo abſurd an act the very firſt ſeſſion; but if they did not, they hoped they would receive inſtructions to that purpoſe from their conſtituents. " To be ſure, ſaid the co- " lonel. What a d——d rout they made about the re-

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" peal of the jew bill, for which nobody cared one far-
" thing! But by the way (continued the colonel) I
" think every body has done eating, and therefore had
" not we better have the dinner taken away, and the
" wine ſet upon the table?" To this the company gave an unanimous ay. While this was doing, I aſked my friend, with ſeeming ſerioufneſs, whether no part of the dinner was to be ſerved up again, when the wine ſhould be ſet upon the table? He ſeemed ſurpriſed at my queſtion, and aſked me if I was hungry? To which I anſwered no; but aſked him in my turn if he was dry? To which he alſo anſwered no. " Then
" pray, replied I, why not as well eat without being
" hungry, as drink without being dry?" My friend was ſo ſtunned with this, that he attempted no reply, but ſtared at me with as much aſtoniſhment, as he would have done at my great anceſtor Adam, in his primitive ſtate of nature.

THE cloth was now taken away, and the bottles, glaſſes, and diſh-clouts put upon the table; when Will Sitfaſt, who I found was perpetual toaſt-maſter, took the chair, of courſe, as the man of application to buſineſs. He began the King's health in a bumper, which circulated in the ſame manner, not without ſome nice examinations of the chairman as to *day-light*. The bottle ſtanding by me, I was called upon by the chairman, who added, that though a water drinker, he hoped I would not refuſe that health in wine. I begged to be excuſed, and told him that I never drank his Majeſty's health at all, though no one of his ſubjects wiſhed it more heartily than I did. That hitherto it had not appeared to me, that there could be the leaſt relation between the wine I drank, and the King's ſtate of health; and that till I was convinced that imparing my own health would improve his Majeſty's, I was reſolved to preſerve the uſe of my faculties and my limbs, to employ both in his ſervice, if he could ever have occaſion

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